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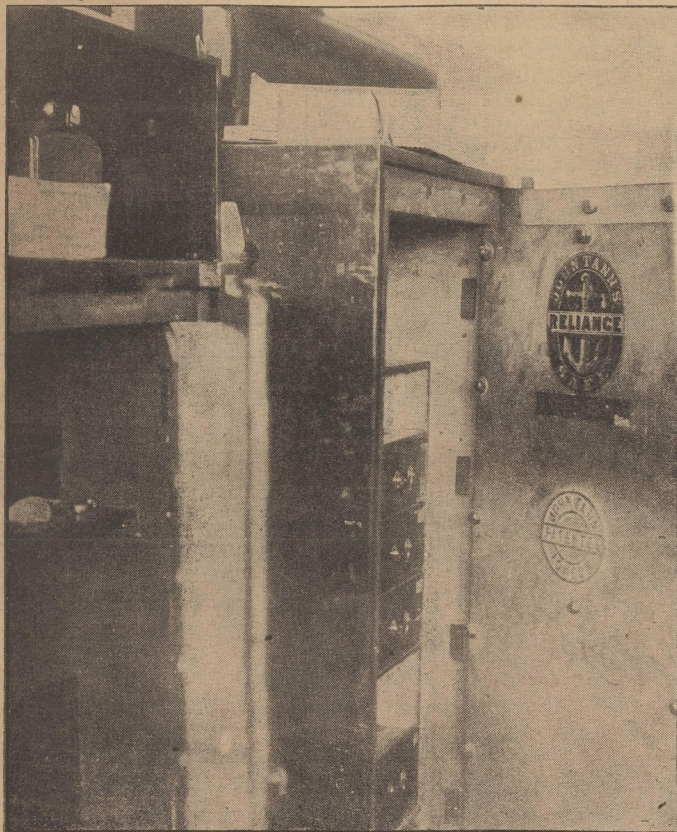
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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

DARING OUTRAGE BY BURGLARS IN A CLERKENWELL JEWELLERS.



Burglars entered the premises of Messrs. Stockall, jewellers, of Clerkenwell, on Saturday, and after securely pinioning Col. Stockall they broke open this safe and made off with many valuables before his eyes. Col. Stockall was not discovered until yesterday morning.



The daring jewel thieves securely pinioned Col. Stockall to a stanchion shown above, where he remained from Saturday until yesterday.

MADAME STOESSEL.



Wife of the gallant defender of Port Arthur. Mme. Stoessel has been one of her husband's most active supporters during the siege.

TOBOGGANNING IN FULL SWING.



A tobogganing scene at Buxton. Fair tobogganers enjoying a run on their car in the snow.

COLONEL GAGGED AND ROBBED.

Amazing Outrage in the
Heart of London.

TWO TERRIBLE NIGHTS.

Victim Describes His Thirty-six
Hours' Agony.

£4,000 OF JEWELS STOLEN.

In the heart of grimy Clerkenwell lay for thirty-six hours of the still week-end a desperate prisoner. He was Colonel Stockall, the chief proprietor of a large jewellery business in the Clerkenwell-road, who had been bound to a pillar in his own shop while jewels to the amount of £4,000 were removed by his assailants before his eyes.

The crime had been committed as the last worker left the neighbourhood late on Saturday afternoon. The agonised man, with his limbs tightly bound, and his mouth gagged with shreds torn from his own shirt, had frantically struggled to free himself from his bonds till unconsciousness relieved him for a few hours from his awful sufferings.

When he reawakened to his position the sound of church bells told him that Sunday had dawned. It was not until yesterday morning, however, that an end was put to his sufferings from cold, hunger, and cramp, and he fell from his cut bonds a livid wreck.

During this time the unhappy man's family were driven frantic with anxiety in the country home where his arrival was waited for with feverish eagerness.

A worker in the firm of Messrs. Stockall and Co. arrived at the office in Clerkenwell-road early yesterday morning, and was astounded to find Colonel Stockall tied to a pillar, while around him lay the drawers of safes, which had been rifled.

The bound man managed to gasp out an order that the police should be sent for. He was then released and borne to a surgery in the Goswell-road, where he spent nearly the whole of the day.

Seen yesterday Colonel Stockall, in spite of his terribly weakened condition, told the dramatic story of the crime to the *Daily Mirror*.

COLONEL STOCKALL'S STORY.

He Tells How He Spent the Long
Hours of Agony.

As the colonel began he moved his cramped arm into a more comfortable position.

"In the first place," he said, "operations were commenced, so far as I was concerned, on Thursday week. I was alone, working late, when a man came into the shop.

"I want a gold watch for a presentation," he said.

"It was then too late to do anything, but finally we arranged that he should call on Saturday."

Colonel Stockall paused a minute. His pallid face and sunken eyes were eloquent evidence of the sufferings he had undergone.

"The man did not come on Saturday as arranged, but on Monday night," he continued. "At eight o'clock he and another man walked into the shop. My first visitor said they wanted a diamond pendant to accompany the watch.

"We have collected about £60," he said, in a casual sort of way. "It's a presentation to a minister at Victoria Park."

"We had better have a deposit," said the first man, who was clean-shaven and seemed to take the lead. He gave me £5, and then, while we were having some whisky and a cigar, arranged to come on Saturday afternoon to complete the purchase.

THE BURGLARY.

"Those were the preliminaries," said Colonel Stockall; "now we come to the burglary. It was just after three o'clock on Saturday afternoon when the clean-shaven man walked in."

"We're in a hurry," said the man, 'so we'll get to business at once.'

"He went into the warehouse, and I went behind the counter to the safes. I showed them a diamond pendant.

"That's £40," I said.

"That'll do, but you had better have a larger deposit," said the clean-shaven man. He took £10 out of his pocket and I put it with the diamonds into the safe.

"Then we went back to my office.

"When we got there the man said, 'I have a cigar.' He put it in his hand in his pocket, and before I knew what had happened he had a revolver in his hand.

"Now," he said, 'we want the keys.'

"Good heavens," I said in absolute amazement, 'you're not robbers?'

"The man looked straight at me. 'We want the keys of the safe, and we mean to have them!'

"I shall not give you the keys," I said, and

North-westerly breeze; hazy or foggy; To-Day's Weather (Lighting-time, 4.54 p.m. Sea passages (sleet at times; fair and frosty intervals.) (will be smooth generally.)

clenched my hand over them in my pocket. 'If you are going to shoot me you had better get it over.'

"I heard the sound of another man in the shop. There were three of them, and I was absolutely defenceless.

"I thought desperately hard for a moment. My only chance was to temporise and hold them off in the hope that somebody might return.

"You'd better give them up," said the man in a minute, in a threatening tone.

"Before I could answer I felt a blow on the back of my head. I dropped into the chair and fainted unconsciousness.

TIED WITH ROPES.

"Immediately I felt ropes being tied about my arms and legs. Then they spoke about a gag which they had apparently forgotten.

"That'll do," said one, and I heard them tear up a dress shirt which was hanging over a chair, for I was dining in town that night. They made a gag and tied it across my mouth.

"Two of them lifted me and carried me into the warehouse. At the very back there are some shelves supported by heavy wooden beams. They tied me to a corner post upright.

"Then they took the keys from my pocket and went to work. I heard one say, 'Let's get away before the light comes on,' for we have an automatic light which operates at a set time. As they worked at the safe the light suddenly lit up the shop. In a moment one of them had turned it out.

"I should say they were busy at the safes for about twenty minutes. It was growing dark before they had finished.

"Now for getting out," said one softly, and this was the last I heard.

HORROR OF THE NIGHT.

"It was, I suppose, about eight o'clock," continued Colonel Stockall to the *Daily Mirror*, "when I came to again. Everything was quiet in the shop. I forced the gag out of my mouth and began to shout.

"For God's sake, help," I cried. 'Police,' I shouted at intervals for hours, but my voice was hoarse and the streets were deserted and quiet.

"How the night passed I do not know. My head throbbed with pain and the cords seemed to eat into my wrists. I was cramped and in agony, but could not move an inch.

"On Sunday morning I heard the church bells for early service.

"The minutes and hours crept slowly on. Exhaustion was stealing over me. But I tried to shout again. By then I suppose I had no voice left. As the day wore on I seemed to be slipping away into a semi-conscious state. I was in a strange drowsy state all through the night.

FREE AT LAST.

"At eight o'clock this morning," added Colonel Stockall, with relief in his voice, "I heard the shop door open. I shouted feebly. It was my assistant. He rushed down the shop and saw me. 'What has happened?' he asked in a frightened voice.

"I told him to go for the police, and in a few minutes an officer came. The ropes were cut, but I should have fallen, so terribly cramped had all my limbs become, if they had not supported me."

Colonel Stockall was immediately taken to Dr. Jones, where he remained during the day.

On the question of loss Colonel Stockall says it is impossible to estimate exactly the total loss until the stock has been gone through, but roughly he puts it at £4,000. Fortunately the bulk of the stolen things was insured.

There is as yet no sequel to this dramatic story, and up to a late hour last night no arrest had been made.

A prominent detective informed the *Daily Mirror* last night the robbery is undoubtedly the work of one of the cleverest gangs in the country.

GIRL GAGGED AND BOUND.

Under mysterious circumstances a girl has been found gagged and bound beside a footpath near the back of the Free Library at Bromley, Kent.

She was in a semi-conscious condition when discovered on Saturday night, but afterwards was able to explain that she had been set upon by a man or woman—she did not know which.

Her assailant knocked her down and gagged her, taking from her pocket a purse containing twenty-five shillings, and then making off in the darkness.

EXPRESS DESTROYS MAILS.

Train Dashes Into a Postal Trolley and
Scatters Letters.

A Scotch express from Euston has had a narrow escape at Trent Valley, Lichfield.

Two postmen, named Blakeman and Fearn, were removing mails from the up to the down platform when, in wheeling the trolley across the level crossing in the prevailing fog and frost, Blakeman slipped and fell. As he did so he noticed the express approaching, and thought, in the twinkling of his best to save the trolley.

The express, however, dashed into it and scattered it and other mail bags in all directions along the line. Blakeman sprained his back in the fall, and Fearn had a remarkable escape from being killed.

The express was not damaged.

The scattered mails have been collected, and as far as possible pieced together and delivered by the postal authorities.

BLOWN INTO THE AIR.

Naval Cutter Destroyed While
Sweeping for Mines.

TWO SEAMEN KILLED.

While engaged in a naval instructional course, known as "sweeping" for mines, in the upper part of Portsmouth Harbour yesterday afternoon, two craft, a steam launch and a pulling cutter attached to H.M.S. Vernon, were blown up by the accidental explosion of a mine.

One of the craft was blown to matchwood, and the other sank shortly afterwards. Two men were killed and two others seriously injured.

When the air had cleared it was seen that the cutter had disappeared, and that the steam launch was sinking.

Boats immediately put out from the shore, and the Vernon to rescue the crew, who were all thrown into the water. Some of the men were swimming about and others were clinging to pieces of wreckage.

20 MINUTES IN THE WATER.

It was twenty minutes before the first boat could reach the men, several of whom were in the last stage of exhaustion.

The following are the names of the drowned:—

Caleb D. West, leading stoker, first class (No. 175854), of Heyshott, Midhurst, unmarried.

George Guy, able seaman (No. 204770), of 55, Allison-street, Berwick, Sussex.

Severely injured:—

David Sprackling, petty officer, first class (No. 138711), and Henry Remnant, able seaman (No. 196227).

Counter-mining is one of the methods by which an enemy's mine-field is destroyed or sufficiently cleared to permit of the passage of ships. A special launch is employed, towed by a steam launch or gunboat. On this launch are placed a number of mines, which are laid in the suspected mine-field, connected by a cable and so fitted that when all have been laid they can be exploded by electricity simultaneously.

The explosion detonates the enemy's mines, and so renders them useless.

The exact cause of the accident is not clear, but it would appear that one or more of the mines exploded prematurely.

THE KING AT SANDRINGHAM.

How the Queen's Birthday and Royal
Christmas Will Be Kept.

The King left London yesterday for Sandringham, where he will spend Christmas with the Queen and other members of the Royal Family.

His Majesty intends to give a series of small parties at his Norfolk home, where he will remain for some weeks. His only visits to London will be on urgent State business.

On Thursday, the Queen's birthday, which will be celebrated very quietly, the family circle will include nearly all their Majesties' near relatives.

The surrounding village will, as usual, be en fête, and the school-children on the estate will be entertained to tea.

MARCONIGRAM TO ITALY.

Wireless Message Sent from Cornwall
Across France and the Alps.

A telegram by wireless telegraphy has been transmitted by Mr. Marconi from Poldhu, Cornwall, to a station belonging to the Italian Government, at Ancona, Italy.

The message was addressed to the Admiral Mirabello, Italian Minister of Marine. Admiral Mirabello replied, thanking Mr. Marconi for his wireless message, which he said had been duly received at the Ancona station.

The distance between Poldhu and Ancona, about 1,000 miles, is almost entirely overland, and in order to reach their destination the waves had to pass over nearly the whole of France and a considerable portion of Italy, including some of the highest mountains of the Alps.

FIERCE ATTACK ON PORT ARTHUR.

An official cablegram announces that a determined attack upon Port Arthur was begun on Saturday.

Fighting still continues without cessation, the besiegers having apparently resolved upon the fall of the fortress before the arrival of the Baltic Fleet.

One account of the attack, which was signalled by desperate hand-to-hand fighting, estimates the Japanese losses at 7,000.

RUSSIAN SPY

Offering Large Sums for
English Ships.

MONEY NO OBJECT.

The purchase of the torpedo-destroyer *Caroline*, and the adventurous voyage of that vessel from London to Libau, proves to be the result of a system organised by Russia for the purchase of ships and stores in Great Britain.

According to the Press Association's Liverpool correspondent, a French commercial firm, inquiring whether a gunboat just being completed at Birkenhead for the Peruvian Government was purchasable, negotiations were opened, and an agent arrived at Liverpool shortly afterwards.

He proved to be a Russian gentleman of military bearing, who spoke most European languages perfectly, and added to a sound commercial acumen an expert knowledge of vessels of war.

CHARTERED SPECIAL TRAINS.

Inquiries made by the *Daily Mirror* show that this gentleman had control of an unlimited supply of money. He moved from place to place in a motorcar of very high power, and for longer journeys, on more than one occasion chartered a special train.

In some of his dealings he represented himself as acting for an American millionaire, who wished to acquire very fast motors and yachts.

This agent, while in Liverpool, made overtures for the purchase of one or two swift liners, and actually entered into preliminary arrangements with a shipping company of world-wide fame.

FOUND WHAT HE WANTED.

Both transactions, however, subsequently fell through on the question of price and delivery, and the agent left for the Tyne, where he inspected the warships nearing completion, and then travelled to London, where apparently he found what he wanted.

The supplementary squadron of the Baltic Fleet, which anchored off Dover on Sunday night, weighed anchor early yesterday morning and steamed away.

AMEER ALARMED.

Troops Massing on Both Sides of the
Afghan Borders.

Important news comes from Afghanistan in a Reuter message, dated Peshawar, November 6, and containing dispatches from Kabul up to October 23.

Russia is apparently attempting to make her presence felt more strongly on the Afghan frontier. Troops are being massed at several points, to the evident alarm of the Ameer, who has promised to reinforce the Governor of Herat with 20,000 men, and has required his general at Faizabad, in Eastern Turkestan, to dig a fosse round the city and build four new towers to guard it.

The Governor of Faizabad has informed the Ameer that formerly there was only a guard of Russians on the border in the River Koksha, but now the Russian Khokand army, numbering 4,000 men, has come to Kolal Sag.

READY TO CHECK THE RUSSIANS.

The Ameer has sent the Governor a copy of the map of the Russian boundary, and has ordered the latter to apprise him if the Russians are infringing the established limitations in any way. He is also authorised to check any such proceeding on the part of the Russians.

On the north-west frontier of Afghanistan the pressure is evidently the greatest.

The Governor of Herat has informed the Ameer that an unusual massing of Russian troops is going on along the Peshawar and Murghab frontiers, and in response to this the 20,000 troops already mentioned are to be sent.

Peshawar is the place ceded to Russia in 1885 after an attack by Russians on Afghan troops had nearly brought about war with England and caused a temporary panic in London.

The Ameer has also been informed by the governor of Bolahak that a new Russian army has arrived at Hissar Bandar.

MR. BALFOUR AND HIS PARTY.

Replying to the toast of his health at the annual Primrose League banquet, at the Hotel Cecil last night, Mr. Balfour made two interesting observations.

Of himself he said:—

"I believe I have been leader of the House of Commons for a longer period at any one stretch than any politician in this country since the passing of the great Reform Bill in 1832."

And of the Conservative Party he said:—

"With regard to the future I entertain no more doubt of our success than I do of the great and immutable laws of nature. Depend upon it, it is the Unionist Party that the future belongs to, because it is we, and we alone, who realise the problems before the country and before this Empire."

MIRACULOUS VISIONS. VISCOUNT RIDLEY DEAD. GRAVE NATIONAL DANGER. SKATING PROSPECTS RUINED

Revivalists Claim To See Awesome Portents.

WILD SCENES IN WALES.

One of the most striking developments of the great religious revival in Wales is the way in which the movement is spreading, apart from the direct influence of Mr. Evan Roberts, the collier-preacher responsible for the first outbursts of fervour.

Yesterday Mr. Roberts was at Porth, and scenes similar to those which have marked all his meetings were again witnessed. There were outbursts of prayer and song. Loud cries of exultation in both Welsh and English from the congregation and utter abandonment to the ecstasy of religious fervour that completely carried away men and women, young and old.

There was an unusual break in one of the meetings at Cilfynydd. Instead of allowing the people to sing hymns the missionary suddenly stopped them. "Confess first and see how much better you will sing afterwards," he cried.

Wild Babel of Outcries.

For awhile the congregation seemed cold, but again he called for "Confession—public—hearty confession." He stretched his arms out and waited until for a moment there was a solemn hush.

Then there suddenly came a wild Babel of outcries fired at him from every quarter of the chapel. Moved by some mysterious influence, the congregation leapt to its feet and cried out, men and women together, in Welsh and a variety of English dialects, their confessions.

Phrases from Scripture, lines from hymns, cries for forgiveness, shouts of exultation, all rose at once, the chorus was deafening.

Suddenly from the gallery there came through the uproar a cry of "There is a man here who says there is no God!" The evangelist staggered, then cried "No God! He shall realise that there is a God, to-night. Presently we shall pray for him."

Then turning to the people he demanded "Is there a God?" "Do you know there is a God?" "Is He a saving God?" To each of these and many other similar questions the answer came in a mighty affirmative shout.

Spreading Throughout the Country.

Thus, although his strength has lately been failing, and he has disappointed congregations through ill-health, the revivalist keeps the enthusiasm at white heat. But, apart from his individual efforts, the movement is spreading.

Hitherto it has been confined to smaller places, but now it has broken out in two considerable towns—Swansea and Neath.

At yesterday's meeting, conducted in Morriston, a suburb of Swansea, by Sydney Evans, a friend of the leader of the revival, the people prayed as passionately and sang with fervour as great as has been seen anywhere in Wales.

A deep hush fell on the congregation when a beautiful girl of sixteen years of age, tall and prayed. She was trembling with ecstasy, and her petition came first haltingly and broken.

But then her voice gathered strength, and she implored that Swansea should be captured for them, and that the town should have sight of the devil in all his hideousness. Silence was unbroken for minutes after "men," and then "diolch" and "hallelujahs" rang through the chapel.

From the back of the gallery a man rose with listless face and lustreless eyes. He spoke for a while in a low monotone; then suddenly his voice rose, and with eyes closed he held everyone spellbound by the ferocity of his appeal for the Spirit to descend like a consuming flame on the place.

People Seeing Visions.

He heard the sound, he said, of the music of souls saved for the Saviour. The congregation turned involuntarily to the direction he was facing, expecting to hear the strains of the angels.

He sang, he thundered—he sobbed. It was an extraordinary effort.

At Neath on Sunday 119 persons professed conversion. Llandilo held processions and open-air meetings on market day.

The revival has reached fever heat at Cwmavon. Several persons have declared they have seen angels flying over the valley. Others say they have seen balls of fire bursting over the district, and fragments of fire and smoke developing into a figure of the Saviour.

At Pontrhydyfen two workmen declared they found salvation by conversing with a mysterious personality, gentle and sweet of voice, but awe-inspiring. They are firmly convinced that the presence was a divine one.

Similar scenes are being witnessed daily in all districts of South Wales, and there are signs that the revival is spreading to the north.

A child named John Soleski was fatally burned at a fire in Cadiz-street, Stepney, and the charred remains of an elderly woman, Mrs. Gough, were found on a couch after a fire in her house at Sutton Court-road, Plaistow.

Merciful Home Secretary and Great Tory Landlord

Viscount Ridley died suddenly at Blagdon, his seat in Northumberland, yesterday morning. He passed away in his sleep, the cause of death being heart failure.

Viscount Ridley, who is best remembered as Sir Matthew White Ridley, was a Tory of the Tories.

He was "the safe man" of his Party, and his Home Secretaryship was conspicuous for his sound business aptitude and close application to work. He put into force the clemency of the Crown more often during his five years of office than any of his predecessors in a similar period.

His brother, Mr. Justice Ridley, was once about to sentence a prisoner. Looking up the records he discovered that he himself had recently given the same culprit a term of five years.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the Judge.

"Why, my lord," was the reply, "I was released by your brother, the 'One Seketary,' 'oo said 'I got a very improper sentence."

Viscount Ridley was a rich man, who drew a princely revenue from property in Northumberland. The town and port of Blyth owed their rise to the Ridleys.

Although a Tory of the old school, he married the beautiful sister of a Radical, Lord Tweedmouth.

Few of the thousands who saw his square, burly figure, in Norfolk suit, and followed by three or four dogs, knew that this was the man who governed a great State department.

He was a keen golfer and cyclist, and was very much the country squire. Yet he took a "first" at Balliol.

Viscount Ridley was in his sixty-third year. His son, the member for Stalybridge, succeeds him, and there is accordingly a Parliamentary vacancy, which is likely to be keenly contested, for the Hon. Matthew White Ridley was elected by a majority of 81.

BIDDING FOR DUKE'S PICTURES.

High Prices for Engravings at the Cambridge Sale.

At Sotheby's auction room yesterday £1,200 was realised by a sale of the late Duke of Cambridge's collection of engravings.

The public view with the trade in bidding for many of the lots, and prices in consequence were distinctly high, many prints of the value of a few shillings realising two or three pounds.

A fine first state of Faber's plate, "Margaret Woodington as Mrs. Ford," went for £91; a copy of Freudenberg's "Suite d'Estampes" made £76; and a large collection of drawings by old masters in three portfolios realised £148.

It is believed that several of the lots were purchased on account of the family of the late Duke, who were represented in the room.

GUARDING THE SHOP.

Watchdog's Faithful Service Ends in Death.

London firemen made an unsuccessful attempt yesterday to save the life of a watch-dog during a fire in a chandler's shop in Tabard-street, South-west.

The chandler had gone out for the day, leaving his faithful dog to watch over the premises.

As soon as the firemen learned of the dog's plight they broke open the door, and found the poor, dumb brute huddled up in a corner under a window dead.

The room in which the dog had been suffocated bore traces of its ineffectual struggle to escape from the burning building.

HANDKERCHIEF AS CLUE.

It is now three weeks since Miss Louise M'Arthur was cruelly murdered in her lonely shop in Dunbarton-road, Whiteinch, near Glasgow, but all efforts to discover the perpetrator of the crime have failed.

The handkerchief with which the unhappy woman was gagged affords probably the most valuable clue. It is of bright Turkey red, and bears a peculiar design representing a horse at full gallop.

CANADA'S NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

Earl Grey, the newly-appointed Governor-General of Canada, will leave England to take up his appointment on Thursday, when he will embark on the Allan liner *Parisian*.

Lady Grey, Lady Sybil Grey, and Lady Evelyn Grey will accompany his Lordship.

The Earl of Minto, late Governor-General of Canada, called at the Colonial Office yesterday afternoon and had an interview with the Secretary of State, subsequently paying a visit to the Foreign Office.

Sale of Welsh Coal Opposed to Our Naval Interests.

The revelations as to the supply of Welsh coal to the belligerents in the Far East calls attention to a grave national danger.

A naval expert, discussing the question with the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, pointed out that the supply of this coal—essential for warships on active service—is fast decreasing, and meanwhile the Navy's demand for it has trebled itself in ten years.

In 1892-3, 350,000 tons were supplied to them. In 1903-4, 1,117,000 tons. In 1903 the total output of Admiralty coal was 13,000,000 tons.

It is estimated that in perhaps twenty-five years the cream of it will have been skinned.

There seem to be two ways out of the difficulty. If the Government adopt either they could largely minimise the danger.

They can either (1) Put a heavy tax on exported Welsh coal, or (2) acquire a stock of 150,000,000 tons of this coal—if indeed so much remains.

Meantime the trade goes briskly on. Fresh orders for large quantities are being placed in Cardiff by both Russia and Japan, and vessels are being chartered every day to carry the coal to neutral ports.

RISKS OF TATTOOING.

How Diseases May Be Communicated by the Needle.

Added to a satisfactory return on the health of the Navy published yesterday is a report by Staff-surgeon French, of H.M.S. Finch, dealing with the communication of disease by tattooing.

A stoker who came under his observation complained of a rash on his body. He had been tattooed at Wei-hai-Wei, and it was in the midst of a patch of tattooed skin that a sore had appeared.

Tattooing is now not uncommon in many widely-separated classes of society, and it would repay anyone desiring this form of decoration, adds the surgeon, to see that the needles used are sterilised.

It does not seem impossible that many other diseases might be inoculated in the same way.

The total death-rate in the Navy for the year 1903 is shown to be the lowest recorded since 1856.

It is set down at the satisfactory figure of 4.19 per 1,000.

LADY ASKS JUDGE'S HELP.

Complains That Newspapers Said She Killed Two Men.

A lady with an unusual grievance sought the help of Mr. Justice Lawrence in court yesterday afternoon.

She was Mrs. Long, who unsuccessfully sued Dr. Boyd last week in connection with an alleged contraceptive cure.

Her complaint now was that the newspapers accused her of killing two men, and she asked his lordship to help her to remove that impression.

His Lordship: You are setting me a task I cannot think of to set the newspapers right. They are always setting me right.

Mrs. Long: Dr. Boyd swore that I killed eight men. I want to prosecute him for perjury.

His Lordship: If he meant by not curing them you have killed them, I daresay the doctor has killed more than you have.

Mrs. Long left the court apparently very disappointed.

FORTNIGHTLY MAILS FOR AUSTRALIA.

Commercial houses doing business between this country and Australia are greatly exercised to know what the mail service is to be like after the end of January, when existing contracts with the P. and O. and the Orient expire.

It is hoped that the Australian Government will give the companies some substantial encouragement to continue the present weekly service, and not allow it to become fortnightly, as it is feared will be the case, unless some subsidy be granted to the companies.

NEW LOCK FOR MOLESEY.

At yesterday's meeting of the Thames Conservancy it was stated that it would not be prudent to delay the reconstruction of Molesey Lock beyond the end of next year.

It was therefore decided to reconstruct the lock at a cost of £20,750, and to build a temporary lock to be in use while the new lock was being made at a cost of £2,310.

ONE FUND HELPS ANOTHER.

Speaking at Derby yesterday, the Duke of Devonshire supported the proposal to transfer £2,000 out of the balance of the Derbyshire War Fund to the Patriotic Fund Commissioners.

His Grace remarked that the Patriotic Fund was formerly regarded with distrust, but he hoped that the grounds for distrust no longer existed.

Cold Thaw Leads to Unpleasant Weather Conditions.

FOG-CAUSES ACCIDENTS.

Cold thaw, frost, and fog made themselves unpleasantly felt all over the country yesterday.

In London and many parts of the provinces there was a considerable rise in temperature, and at noon the thermometer in London stood at 42 degrees. But on the other hand a return of the frost has been reported from many districts.

There was skating yesterday on the shallow waters round London. On portions of the Welsh Harp reservoir at Hendon and at Wimbledon Lake there was good but thin ice and some skating.

In the public parks and commons the ponds were kept closed, but the members of the London Skating Club had a nice day's sport on the flooded lawn of the Topham Club, in Regent's Park.

In South Lincolnshire the thaw has spoilt the chance of the Fen skating championship being held this week.

Sixteen Degrees of Frost.

The West of Scotland was fog-bound yesterday and in the grip of about 16 degrees of frost. In Glasgow the fog was very dense. Traffic on the Clyde was entirely suspended.

Leicestershire folk woke yesterday to find that Sunday's thaw, followed by a sharp frost, had transformed streets and roads into sheets of ice. Vehicular traffic was almost at a standstill.

The whole of the great Cheshire plain, including the city of Chester, was yesterday enveloped in a dense fog. The fog-belt includes the adjacent districts of Flintshire and Denbighshire. Railway traffic has been conducted with much difficulty.

The footways in Kingston-on-Thames were turned into sheets of ice yesterday morning by frost following a slight thaw. During the day, however, they were thawed again.

Sixty Miles of Road Blocked.

In the Upper Eden Valley, North Westmorland, sixty miles of road were effectually blocked by the blizzard. In some places the snow had drifted to a height of ten and twelve feet, and is not yet cleared away.

It was difficult to see more than an arm's length in front on the Mersey yesterday, and shipping was at a standstill. The few ferry-boats that were not suspended took in some cases three-quarters of an hour to accomplish an eight minutes' trip across the river, and several Atlantic liners were delayed.

All the crew of the steamship *Percy*, which was sunk in collision with the *Plover* in Liverpool, had Saturday were reported to have been saved, but yesterday it transpired that the captain, Thomas Wilson, and the fireman, Thomas Woods, were still missing. The two men were supposed to have been picked up by the *Plover*, but this is contradicted by the officers on board that vessel.

CAUSED BY THE WEATHER.

Special relief works and soup kitchens have been opened at Belfast.

The list of accidents and deaths caused by frost and fog is still being added to.

The distress caused all over the country by the terrible weather is almost unprecedented.

The Lancaster Board of Guardians have been forced to erect a new workhouse in sections so as to accommodate the unemployed.

The employees of a large Birmingham firm have given £25 to the distressed fund in that city "as a thank-offering for working full time so far this winter."

Dr. Danford Thomas said at an inquest on Alfred Bleasde, a Civil Service Stores porter, that the cold weather had, no doubt, affected the man's already weak heart.

The steamer *Prospero*, badly damaged, was towed into Dover yesterday by the brig *Prins Oscar* Frederik, the two vessels having been in collision off Dungeness in the fog.

The Manchester unemployed, who are agitating for a special session of Parliament to consider their problems, are intending to ask Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to receive a deputation to-day.

Three little girls, aged six, nine, and eleven, were sliding on a deep pool at Burslem, when the ice broke and precipitated them into six feet of water. Jacob Winter and his son saved them all, after desperate efforts.

DISAPPOINTED PRINCES.

Not only were the elder children of the Prince and Princess of Wales disappointed at Sandringham, yesterday, by finding themselves unable to skate on the lakes in the royal park, but thousands of other veterans of the postume in the country had arranged for a day's sport, only to have their hopes dashed by the thaw.

FOUNDERED IN THE BLACK SEA.

The Greek steamer *Elpis* has foundered during a heavy gale in the Black Sea, and it is feared that seventy passengers and her crew have all perished.

Before she was sold to a Greek firm at the Piræus, the *Elpis* sailed under the British flag as the *Bellingham*.

SHATTERED ROMANCE

Village Elopement Has a Painful Ending.

CRUELTY DISPLACES LOVE.

Heneglys is a pretty little village in the middle of the Isle of Anglesy.

A very romantic love story about a maid of Heneglys was told before Sir Francis Jeune in the Divorce Court yesterday.

Mrs. Sarah Jones—that is the married name of the maid of Heneglys—was asking for a divorce from her husband, Mr. Thomas Jones, because of his bad treatment of her, and because of his infidelity to the vows he had whispered in the Heneglys lanes.

Twelve years ago Mrs. Jones was a young girl of eighteen summers. She lived in the rectory of Heneglys with her aunt and uncle, who had adopted her when she lost both her father and mother.

In the village there was a shop, half tailor's, half linendraper's, kept by a Mr. Thomas Jones.

The good folk at the rectory did not know that their niece Sarah was regarding the young tailor and linendraper with great favour—that she had lost her heart to him, in fact.

The lovers could not be secret, and finally Thomas Jones, tailor, as he was called to distinguish him from the other Joneses of Heneglys, persuaded the young lady to elope with him and marry him at the registry office at Bangor.

When the secret marriage was made known the bride's people disowned her.

So she went to live with her husband at the tailor's and linendraper's shop.

Wedding-day Disillusionment.

But the romance of it all very soon disappeared—ever so much sooner than in most love stories that end in marriage. Mr. Jones brought disillusionment to his wife on the very day of the wedding. He was drunk on that day.

Then she discovered that he was a habitual drunkard.

When he went to Beaumaris on business she had to go out on the road to meet him—to bring him home because he was intoxicated.

Sometimes he would ill-treat her at these meetings, and she had to run away from him into neighbours' houses.

Once he knocked her down. On another occasion he threw a tea-cup at her.

When her sister came on a visit to her Mrs. Jones had two black eyes, the result of her husband's blows, but she was ashamed to tell her sister the cause.

One day when Mr. Jones was away, a young woman, named Jane Williams, came into the shop. Mrs. Jones remembered that this young woman owed an account.

"Will you pay it?" she asked.

"The young woman answered, 'I have paid your husband.'

"You have not," retorted Mrs. Jones, and then she told the young woman that she would recover the money in the county court.

On this there were warm words, which ended in the young woman telling Mrs. Jones a very strange story.

Shameless Husband.

Mrs. Jones, said Jane Williams, had met her, Jane, one day at Llangefni, two miles off. He had asked for his account, and Jane had told him she could not pay it. Then he had said, "If you will come with me to Beaumaris I will take that as payment."

Jane had gone with him to Beaumaris.

"I will not believe it till my husband hears you repeat it," cried Mrs. Jones.

She told her husband the accusation, when he returned, in front of the girl, and he did not deny it. Instead he turned round and abused Jane.

Telling her story in the witness-box, Mrs. Jones, a pretty brunette, said: "He threatened to cut my throat, and I had to hide all the knives."

A witness with whom she took refuge said: "She came in and told me that her husband had been pinching her and washing her."

"Washing is the literal translation of what she said," remarked the interpreter, who was repeating the Welsh evidence in English, as he noticed the puzzled looks of the Court.

The President: Never mind. We understand he ill-treated her.

Finally the President pronounced a decree nisi.

Fels-Naptha

Spots on clothing carpet upholstery.

Go by the book; you can read it through in ten minutes; there's £10 in it for you.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E.C.

FUGITIVE FOREIGNER.

Chase and Capture on the Embankment.

A thrilling arrest was successfully effected last night at De Keyser's Royal Hotel, Embankment, though at one moment it seemed as if the accused man would make a dramatic escape.

Calling at the hotel at about seven o'clock, two detectives asked to see a foreigner staying there. The man in question, who was in the reading-room, refused to go to the door, and told the porter to say that he was out.

Thereupon the detectives entered the reading-room and arrested him. The man, who, though small of stature, was very muscular, was taken to a cab, which was waiting outside. A desperate struggle ensued, the man crying to a compatriot for help. Finally he leaped out of the farther door of the vehicle and started to run. Before he had gone far, however, he was recaptured with some aid from the constable on duty. He was driven to Bow-street, where he will be charged.

It is understood that the arrest was made in connection with a financial offence alleged to have been committed in Hungary.

CHILDREN ON THE STAGE.

Mr. Plowden More Sympathetic Than a Brother Magistrate.

The subject of stage performances by children came before two London magistrates yesterday.

Mr. Plowden, at Marylebone, was sympathetic when asked to permit Nellie Turner, aged thirteen, to perform in "The Ladder of Life," at the West London Theatre. She only recited, it was said, a few lines which were "pathetic, not blood-curdling."

Mr. Plowden: So that she can cry herself to sleep.

The licence was granted.

Mr. Fordham, at North London, took a different view when asked to license four children to appear in "The Cherry Girl," at the Alexandra Theatre, Stoke Newington.

Mr. Fordham: I think that it is too late for these children to be out, and I shall refuse the licences.

Later in the day the magistrate was asked to reconsider his decision, and eventually granted the licences.

CAN A SCOTSMAN REFORM?

Judge on the Vanity of Attempting To Win Him from Drink.

A counterclaim for £13 was made by R. P. Bannerman, a type-founder, who was sued in South-west County Court yesterday by John Fleming, a mechanical draughtsman, for £2 for work done.

Bannerman said that Fleming was a fellow-countryman of his, and he gave him work with the hope of reforming him from drunken habits.

His Honour Judge Addison: And what countryman are you? A Scotsman.

His Honour (with surprise): What—Do you mean to say that you thought you could reform an old Scotsman after he had been drinking all his life?—Well, I was hopeful, but I was taken in.

His Honour: You cannot expect to reform a Scotsman at seventy-five and make him sober.

Judgment was given for Bannerman on the counterclaim, which related to the loss of valuable drawings.

COERCION IN LOVE.

Summoning a Sweetheart to Prove the Engagement.

Remarkable conduct on the part of a lover was disclosed at North London Police Court yesterday, when a summons taken out by Abraham Franks against Adelaide Swaff for detaining two gold rings was heard.

The complainant said that he became engaged to the young lady, and gave her two rings, value £8 and 6d. Next day she was very cool to him, and said he did not want him to call.

"I want the engagement to be on," he added.

"So long as she has the rings it is understood that she is engaged to me. I do not object to her keeping one of the rings. I have taken out the summons to see if she means to keep the rings."

Mr. Fordham: You go round this evening, make it up, and take her to some place of amusement.

The Complainant: If the engagement is on she is entitled to the rings, and I am quite satisfied.

The summons was then adjourned for a month.

"HOUNDED" POLICEMAN TAKES HIS LIFE.

Because he was to be reduced in rank through drinking Police-sergeant Dobbs hanged himself in a police cell at Newent, Gloucestershire.

In a letter written by him he said:—"Hounded down, treated with contempt and scorn, watched by everybody, cannot live longer. Turned out like a dog, reduced and disgraced, and called a useless man and a drunkard, my heart's broken.—T. Dobbs. Worried to death—mad."

At the inquest yesterday the usual verdict was returned.

PHYLLIS IN CHANCERY.

Law-defying Girl Made a Ward for Her Own Protection.

Miss Phyllis Meares, the young lady who ran away from her guardians three times because the law forbade her seeing her mother, has been made a ward in Chancery.

This was done at the wish of her mother, Mrs. Dantry, who took the step to protect the girl from making any imprudent marriage. The temptation to do so is very great to a girl of the character of Miss Phyllis, whose one wish in life now is to free herself from her present guardianship.

Now that she is a ward in Chancery, any person who might marry her without the consent of a Judge of the Chancery Court would be guilty of contempt of Court.

Meantime Mrs. Dantry has been placed in a position to prosecute her appeal against the decision of the Divorce Court before the Court of Appeal. Mr. Upjohn, K.C., and Mr. Grazebrook have been retained to argue her case, which is expected to appear on to-morrow's list.

DR. INGRAM'S SALARY.

Bishopric of London Costs Him More Than He Earns.

Since the Rev. Winnington Ingram was made Bishop of London three years ago he has spent £5,000 more than his official salary.

Dr. Ingram offered this statement at a meeting in London last night as a reason why he could not contribute more than £400 a year to the fund known as "The Bishop of London's Fund for Poor Clergy."

Looking into the balance-sheet of the See he found the following items:—

Rates and taxes	£246
Queen Anne's bounty	422
Income-tax	500
Maintenance of houses	1,678
Repairs	1,190
Coal	250
Electric light and gas	379
Four horses	895
35 acres of garden (with 10 men) ...	725
Printing, stationery, and postage ...	388

UNIQUE "SERVANTS."

Minister-Director Who Did Not Know His Duties.

Messrs. Hooley and Lawson in the palm days of the great financier had magnificent "servants." Two of them gave evidence at the Old Bailey, yesterday, in regard to the charges which have been brought against Hooley and Lawson.

The first was Mr. Ernest Berkeley Ormerod, who in 1900 was receiving a salary of £500 a year from Hooley. He described his position as unique. He did nothing but transfer shares and exchange cheques for Hooley, giving his own cheques for those of the financier.

Subsequently the Rev. James Harlick, of Biggleswade, entered the witness-box. He was for some time in the service of Mr. Lawson at a salary of £13 a month.

Mr. Harlick was engaged as "director of Mr. Lawson's syndicates"—his first experience of company matters. "I don't know quite what my duties were," he said. "I was Lawson's servant."

"Suppose he had asked you to black his boots! Would you have done that?" asked Mr. Justice Lawrence, explaining that he purposely put such an absurd question to elicit the scope of Mr. Harlick's duties.

The third day of the trial closed with Mr. Harlick still in the witness-box under cross-examination by Mr. Lawson.

HOSPITAL VERSUS WAR OFFICE.

£28,800 is the sum claimed by the governors of St. Thomas's Hospital from the War Office for 289 acres of land on the Aveley Hall estate, near Purfleet, to be converted into rifle-ranges.

The arbitrator, Sir John Rolleston, M.P., heard counsel in the case yesterday. Sir E. Boyle, on behalf of the claimants, explained that the whole farm of 721 acres was let for £600 a year, the tenant paying rates and taxes.

Witnesses having been called in support of counsel's statement that £250 per annum would be a fair price, the arbitration was adjourned.

MELTING A HUSBAND'S HEART.

A woman complained to Mr. Plowden at Marylebone yesterday that "Mr. Stone," her husband, would not let her indoors.

Mr. Plowden: There is an old saying that the heart of a stone is not melted at once but by frequent gentle drippings. You go and try, and in time you will melt the heart of that Stone.

Elaborate preparations are being made at Ashford, Lord Ardilaun's seat in Galway, for the reception of the Prince of Wales, who is expected there early in December.

ELUSIVE £25,000.

Wronged Husband Unable To Get His Record Damages.

CONSTANTINIDI CASE RECALLED.

The Constantinidi divorce case, the case in which the record damages—£25,000—were brought in against Dr. Lance, the co-respondent, again came before the Divorce Court yesterday in a motion made on behalf of Mr. Demetrius Sophocles Constantinidi, the wronged husband.

In the divorce case, it will be remembered, it was shown that Dr. Lance, a medical man, whom Mrs. Constantinidi met in her father's house, had come between husband and wife, who before had lived very happily together.

Mrs. Constantinidi left her husband, and obtained a divorce in Dakota, after which she married Dr. Lance. Mr. Constantinidi owned to misconduct after his wife left him, but it was held that her conduct was conducive to this, and he was granted "relief" for this.

Mr. Lawson Walton yesterday set these facts before the president:—

There were two settlements, one of which settled £51,000 on Mrs. Constantinidi; the other was concerned with £10,000 of Mr. Constantinidi's money. Mrs. Constantinidi also expected in the course of events to inherit another £150,000.

So before the divorce the joint income of the Constantinidis' home was very substantial.

Luxurious Home Relinquished.

Since the decree Mr. Constantinidi had only a private income of some £300 a year.

Moreover, he had paid the sum of £392 in costs, the costs he was directed to pay in respect of the charge against him of misconduct at Ostend. On the other hand, Dr. Lance had not paid a penny of the £25,000 damages, nor had Mr. Constantinidi or Dr. Lance paid any of the large costs given against them.

The President: I ought to have ordered the costs to be set off against one another.

Mr. Lawson Walton: We thought we ought to pay our costs independently.

In consequence of having to pay costs, Mr. Constantinidi continued, and having to meet other expenses that followed on his giving up his luxurious home, Mr. Constantinidi had had to borrow large sums, to a great extent at a high interest. His indebtedness amounted to £210,000, and he had only his small private income to fall back on.

Mr. Walton, therefore, asked that the settlement should be varied, and that his client should be put in a position of comfort, such as he had before his wife proved unfaithful, relied on.

It was not right, argued Mr. Walton, that in cases like these the breaker of married happiness should enter into enjoyment of the rich wife's property in addition to winning her person.

The hearing of the motion was adjourned.

LION ATTACKS PONY.

Theatre Curtain Falls Upon an Exciting Scene.

Intense excitement was caused at the Nottingham Empire of Varieties last night by the rebellion of one of Herr Seeth's performing lions, now managed by Georg Thielbar.

The turn appeared to be going quite smoothly when suddenly one of the lions seized the pony which takes part in the performance by the hind-quarters and dragged it to the ground.

As the curtain promptly fell Herr Thielbar and his assistant ran to the help of the pony, and succeeded in driving the lion to his cage.

The pony was not so badly injured as might have been expected.

PRICE OF COAL RAISED.

In consequence of the increased demand occasioned by the severe weather, the price of coal was yesterday raised in London one shilling a ton.

"Everyone wants coal now, and wants it in a hurry," said a coal merchant yesterday. "The public," he added, "never seem to learn that they ought to buy coal in the summer, when prices are low."

Keep the Blood Pure
And the Health of the System will follow.

THE BLOOD being the source from which our systems are built up, it is important that it should be kept pure. If you suffer from any Skin or Blood Disease, such as SCROFULA, SCURVY, BAD LEGS, BLOOD POISON, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, BOILS, PIMPLES, etc., you should test the value of

CLARK'S BLOOD MIXTURE

The World-Famed Blood Purifier.
Of all Chemists. Beware of Imitations.

£100,000 COLISEUM.

lians are rather firm, but Northern Terrers very flaccid at one time on the latest scandal. West Africans seem a little dull.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1904.

AN INSTRUCTIVE CONTRAST.

King Edward drove to Buckingham Palace from the railway station without escort of any kind. *English Paper.*

Extraordinary precautions were taken for the safety of President Roosevelt while he was visiting the St. Louis Exhibition. A large force of detectives guarded him and his party every step of the way. Crowds were not allowed to approach him at any time. *American Paper.*

O'Donovan Rossa, in his speech at Skibbereen, urged Irishmen to use force against England and its rulers, whom he denounced as foreign oppressors. *Irish Paper.*

It is not only in the United States that the ruler of the country has to be guarded. In every great Continental State the same precautions are taken. When the King and Queen of Italy drive out you cannot see them for a squadron of armed soldiers. You only catch a glimpse of the Emperor William in his carriage in Berlin. The Tsar takes a small army about with him, and when he travels by train sentinels are posted all along the line.

Yet if Mr. O'Donovan Rossa were to talk treason in any country but this, he would very quickly find himself in gaol again.

On the face of it, there seems to be some inconsistency here. We allow our King to be denounced, if anybody is stupid enough to want to denounce him. Yet he goes about among us quite secure, without any escort whatever. Other nations are quick to lay by the heels any wide-mouthed fanatic who dares to speak ill of kings, princes, or governors. Yet the same kings, princes, and governors are afraid to appear in public without a strong guard.

In reality, no inconsistency exists. The truth is that, if you give foolish and violent people their head, they are harmless. Their effervescent energy works itself off in words. Their neurotic, feverish frames are not equal to any further exertion. Stop their mouths, and you make their fingers tingle to be doing something. That is the state of things which leads to regicides, assassinations, bomb outrages; to Anarchy, Nihilism, Revolution, and Red Ruin.

Foreigners express surprise at frothers like O'Donovan Rossa being allowed to void their venom in public. "You are running a great risk," they say. On the contrary, it is they who run the risk when they make martyrs of such mountebanks. Our King goes without escort. Their rulers have to be perpetually protected.

IN THE HEART OF LONDON.

A philosopher once said he never felt so lonely as when he was in the heart of a great city. A Clerkenwell jeweller can say the same thing—with a difference!

For thirty-six hours this unfortunate man was lying, tied and bound, in his own warehouse in one of the busiest parts of London, without food or drink, unable to escape or make anyone hear. It requires the pen of an Edgar Allan Poe to describe his sufferings. Imagine his impotent cries! Imagine his increasing weakness! Imagine his feelings when he heard footsteps and voices close to him, and was powerless to attract the attention of a single soul!

The story of this daring, pitiless outrage and robbery is the strangest that the annals of London crime have held for many a long day.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Do you observe that those who live idle and at their ease are more content, more cheerful, more happy than those who are employed? Do you believe that idleness and laziness strengthen the body or keep it in health?—*Socrates.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

GENERAL SIR WILLIAM BUTLER, who presided last night at a dinner for the funds of the Angel and Infants Poor Society, is a man whose life holds more romance than is generally known. That a general should have married an artist famed for her battle pictures is not strange, but that he should have made up his mind to do so before they had met certainly is. General Butler had returned home wounded from the Ashantee Expedition in 1874, and whilst in hospital at Haslar all his visitors told him of the wonderful picture, the "Roll Call," which was creating such a sensation at the Academy. The General resolved to see the picture directly he got back to London.

As he had decided, the General went straight to Burlington House, was greatly struck by the picture, and made up his mind then and there that the young painter was the bride for him.

General Butler set about matters at once, was soon introduced, and shortly afterwards had won his bride. Since then he has acquired an interesting souvenir of the famous picture—a rapid sketch which Lady Butler had made while a student in Rome, and which is nothing less than the "Roll Call" in embryo. He chanced upon it while in Rome, and had to pay £40 for it, so the old woman who had cleaned up the artist's studio in those student days must have done well out of the rough sketches which she swept up from the studio floor.

The death of Lord Ridley leaves a seat vacant at Stalybridge, for his son and successor, the Hon. Matthew White Ridley, M.P., is member for that borough. Next to Lord Furness and Mr. Rigg, he is the youngest member of the House of Commons. The new peer was born in 1874, and married a daughter of Lady Wimborne, though he does not altogether share his mother-in-law's violent Evan-

gelical views. He is an ardent supporter of Mr. Chamberlain, and also a keen athlete. He is one of the coming politicians—a pleasant, clever, young man.

I wonder whether, while he lectured on Hamlet yesterday, Mr. Tree remembered his interview with Mr. W. S. Gilbert after a certain memorable performance of that play. Mr. Tree had retired to his dressing-room, overcome by his exertions, and bathed in perspiration. Mr. Gilbert came there to see him. "What do you think of it? What do you think of my Hamlet?" anxiously queried the actor of the dramatist and wit.

Mr. Gilbert is not in the habit of giving praise yesterday, Mr. Tree remembered his interview with Mr. W. S. Gilbert after a certain memorable performance of that play. Mr. Tree had retired to his dressing-room, overcome by his exertions, and bathed in perspiration. Mr. Gilbert came there to see him. "What do you think of it? What do you think of my Hamlet?" anxiously queried the actor of the dramatist and wit.

So Lord Farquhar is announced as quite recovered from the "peppering" he got at the end of last month while shooting on his Norfolk estate. It was not a very serious matter, though it might have been, for one shot found a billet just below his eye. Lord Farquhar was not very long ago the hero of an incident which very clearly showed the difference between German and English methods.

It caused a lot of talk. It seems that Lord Farquhar went twice through the Guard on his way to the Palace, and passed close to the colours without raising his hat. The horrified captain reported the matter, but to his surprise the reply came back that no Englishman could be compelled to raise his hat to anything or anybody, not even the King. The memorandum was further marked, "Better destroy this and say nothing more about it." In Germany somebody would have gone to prison for lese majeste.

Why is it that so many of our best actresses are so seldom seen in London? Mrs. Pat Campbell and Miss Fanny Brugh appear to reside in America. So does Sir Henry Irving, except when he is in the provinces. Of the younger talent none is more interesting than that of Miss Sydney Fairbrother, yet her appearances in London are too infrequent. Mr. Seymour Hicks has for some time had the good sense to engage her for his company at the Adelphi, and she is now to be seen, also at her very best, in "Candida" at the Court.

Miss Fairbrother is remarkably thin, and she has an amusing story to tell about her thinness. She was playing in the "Daring of the Gods" at Glasgow. While standing in the wings she got into conversation with a stout Glasgow maiden. "Don't you think kimonos very comfortable?" asked Miss Fairbrother, pointing to her Japanese dress. "Aye—but I've got all my chivalries on underneath," said the other. "Don't you find it difficult to drape your kimono over them?" "Well—maybe," said the stout girl, "but I wouldn't like to show my shape like that." And she looked scornfully at Miss Fairbrother's slender form.

Writing from the Green-Room Club to the "Evening News," Mr. Van Biene, of "Broken Melody" fame, is being quietly unkind to Mr. Labouchere on the subject of the Masonic revelations. He calls Mr. Labouchere a "poor old gentleman," and says that Masons will only laugh at him. One would have thought that people had got beyond trying to call the proprietor of the "Truth" names, but Mr. Van Biene has a way of attacking old institutions, and even proposes an organised attack on the victorious music-hall.

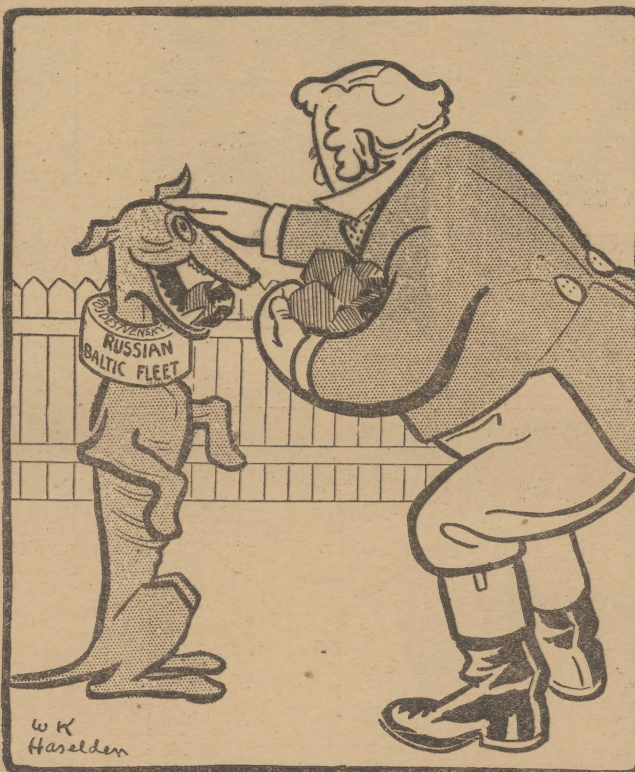
The gist of his idea is for the legitimate theatre to compete against the music-halls on their own lines. Two shows a night and smoking and refreshments in the auditorium are among the attractions. He admits frankly that his idea is merely a natural development of the provincial music-hall system. To anyone who has seen much of the growth of the variety theatres in the larger provincial towns, it seems strange that no one has started the idea before.

There is no doubt that the public wants two shows a night, and tobacco and beer at the same time. If Mr. Van Biene can give the public these, their great wants, and drama instead of the inanities of the serio-comic young lady of uncertain age, a large hat, and short skirts, then Mr. Van Biene is well on the way to becoming a multi-millionaire and a benefactor at the same time.

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

NOVEMBER 29.—One by one nests are being shaken down by the autumn gales, reminding us that their late occupants are now on the wing. Birds are mixed blessings in a garden. Although they rid the ground of slugs and insects, their partiality for the young buds of currant and gooseberry bushes, the damage they work among crocuses and strawberries, are sins hard to forgive. Yet if we try to realise what a garden would be like without the sweet bird-voices their faults will be quickly forgotten; we shall find our crumbs ungrudgingly from the window during the coming winter. E. F. T.

JOHN BULL FEEDS THE DOG WHICH BIT HIM.



"If it were not for British coal the Baltic Fleet could not be making its voyage to the Far East."—*Daily Paper.*

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Lord Kelvin.

TO-DAY he is to be installed as Chancellor of Glasgow University, which adds yet another honour to his long list.

And his honours are more than deserved. In the eighty years of his busy life he has worked hard for the common good, and many are the inventions he has made which are used every day for the safety of humanity and the furtherance of science. There is not a sailor on the seas but knows his compass, and it is to him that the Atlantic cables are mostly due.

Great man as he is, he has never assumed airs of genius or superiority. He is singularly free from self-consciousness, yet fully aware of his own position.

As the tall, old man with his snow-white beard passes among the scientists he knows, with the same humorous twinkle in his eye and the same child-like simplicity in everything of life except his work, he is greeted on all sides, for he is not only honoured but loved for himself.

Kindness and trust are his most marked characteristics. His love of animals is almost as well known as his electrical and magnetic discoveries.

As a speaker he is earnest and candid, but seldom eloquent, and often inopportune, for he is abnormally when speaking, and forgets his audience, as he did when he extolled photography to the Royal Academy.

But he is of a social turn of mind, and can make himself amusing, enjoying, too, a good dinner and a comic song.

THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE

The Fight of Wind and Fog.

THE evening has settled down cold and misty, the sky is lost overhead, and chill wind is blowing keen and sharp—by no means a comfortable night to be about.

Suddenly, as one walks along the Strand, leaving ever-busy Fleet-street behind, there comes the smell of fog-bitter, acid fog. In the distance a lamp, opposite one of the narrow streets running down to the river, is suddenly blotted out—then another. Right by one's side the wind-driven fog sweeps up a narrow lane, pouring out, in at first low-lying waves, then rising overhead until even the lamp just ahead is blotted out as the others had been.

But the wind is blowing still, writhing and twisting the fog in wreaths and billows. At one moment a lamp, a shop-front, another foot-passenger, stand out clear, and are then as suddenly engulfed again as the fog sweeps on its way before the wind, swallowing up London.

Out of the darkness ahead come cries and calls of the drivers whose omnibuses and cabs are vainly trying to extricate themselves from the tangle in Trafalgar-square.

Once more the wind sweeps along, and once more the air is clear for a moment. The cabs and the omnibuses separate themselves out on the tangle. Laughter and chaff take the place of the calls and oaths. Then, as suddenly as before, the darkness settles down again, and once more the fog is King—till dethroned yet once again by the wind.

NEWS OF THE DAY SEEN THROUGH THE CAMERA



HELPING OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.



Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, who is one of the chief organisers of the entertainment which is being held to-day and to-morrow at the Court Theatre on behalf of the Soldiers and Sailors' Help Society.

PROPHESED PORT ARTHUR'S FALL.



Vere Abramoff, a St. Petersburg prophetess, who has now been imprisoned for prophesying the fall of Port Arthur.

A WILD QUEEN ELEPHANT



A remarkable photograph taken in India just after the capture. The Underworld.

SKATING ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH.



London skaters have been enjoying some sport on the Round Pond, Hampstead Heath, as seen by the above photograph. The ice, however, is still very treacherous, but should the frost continue throughout the night to-morrow should see a good gathering of skaters on this favourite London pond.

BIG BILLIARD MATCH.



Mr. F. Weiss, the champion of Australia, and Harry Barr, champion of South London, stringing for the break at their big billiard match.—(Copyright, Denton and Co.)

GREAT SCOTCH MYSTERY.



Miss McArthur, who was murdered at Whiteinch, Glasgow. The only clue to the murderer is a figured handkerchief.

TO-NIGHT'S REVIVAL OF "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"



The finale scene at the inn in Act IV. of "The Taming of the Shrew" characters standing in front, reading from left to right, are: Mr. V. Mr. Oscar Asche

MIRROR, CAMERAGRAPHS.

AND HER BABY.



ant is one month old.—(Photograph by Underwood and

NG OF THE SHREW."



be produced at the Adelphi Theatre this evening. The
n, Miss Adair, Miss Gwythorne, Miss Lily Brayton, and
udio.)

KUROPATKIN'S OLDEST SOLDIER.



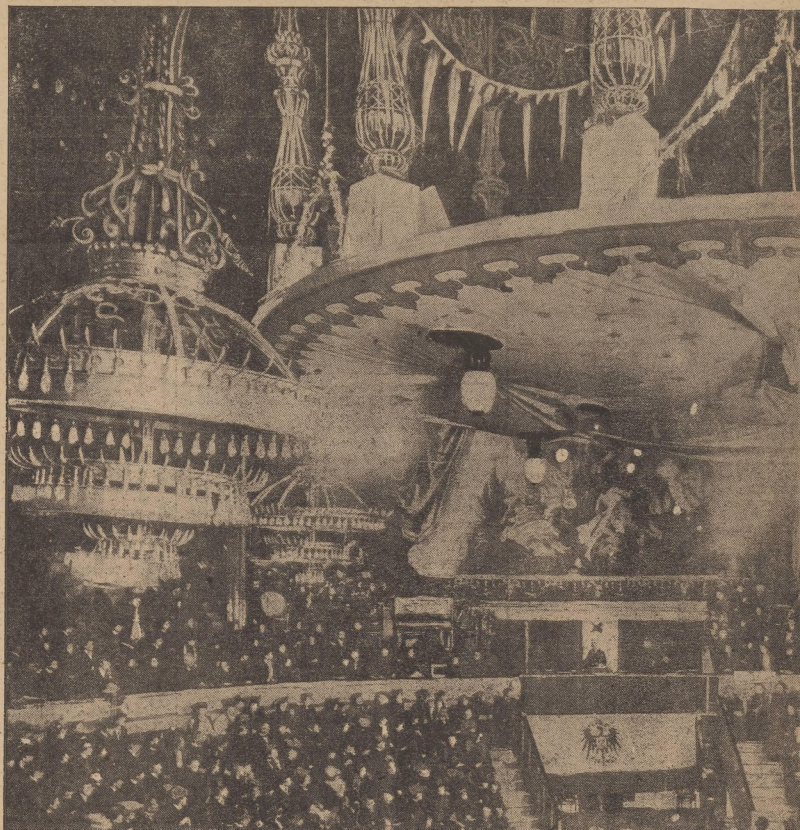
Lieff Morozoff, a Crimean veteran,
who, when the war broke out, insisted
on going to the front with General
Kuropatkin's army.

EX-QUEEN NATALIE INJURED.



Ex-Queen Natalie of Serbia, who has just met with a serious acci-
dent through her brougham colliding with a tree at Biarritz. The
Queen sustained a very severe wound in the forehead. Queen
Natalie is the mother of the murdered King Alexander.

GENERAL BOOTH'S GREAT SUCCESS IN GERMANY.



General Booth (recognised by an X) addressing a great congregation at the Circus Busch, Berlin, where his
visit has been an unqualified success. Twelve years ago, when the General held his first meeting at this same
place, it was attended by thirty persons and seven police officers. At the last meeting just held in Berlin thou-
sands were turned away through lack of accommodation.

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By Andrew Loring, "Mr. Smith of England."

PERSONS OF THE STORY.

Sir ALANSON GASCOYNE, Judge of the High Court.

LADY GASCOYNE (Rosamond), his Wife.

RICHARD DEVERILL, in love with Lady Gascoyne. She has compromised herself by visiting his chambers, but of this her husband is still ignorant.

Mrs. LA GRANGE, Lady Gascoyne's friend, a social butterfly, heavily in debt.

HAROLD SOMERTON, Mrs. La Grange's brother, a blackguard, who has been in prison, but has since made money. Knowing the intrigue between Deverill and Lady Gascoyne, he blackmails Deverill into helping him to regain his position in society. Through Deverill he offers his sister, who for a long time has "cut" him, £2,000 to invite him to dinner.

GERTRUDE GASCOYNE, the Judge's sister, whom Somerton has set his heart on marrying.

Mr. BRASSER, a millionaire, in love with Gertrude. He left London on an exploring expedition, and later his death was announced. His will included a legacy to Deverill.

Miss ELTON, daughter of an Armenian money-lender. On the death of her father she carries on the business, and secretly gives the profits to relieve her distressed countrymen.

SKERRETT, secretary to the late Mr. Brasser, now his executor.

JANE BROWN. In Mr. Brasser's early days, as a poor country boy, he was her lover, but left her to come to London, where he made his immense fortune.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Where is He Buried?

Gertrude's clear, candid eyes were looking into his as she put the question about Harold Somerton. Her manner evinced no surprise at having been asked to meet the man, nor was there the slightest hint that she objected to do so. Deverill saw that the astonishing Lady Gascoyne had already succeeded in removing prejudice from Gertrude's mind, and that she was disposed to proceed in her ruthless scheme without his knowledge or help. He was glad of this for an instant, until he realised that it was done that she might have a freer hand. She clearly wished to be in a position to sacrifice Gertrude without fear of protest from him.

"Why do you ask me about Somerton?" he asked after an instant's hesitation. "It was quite casual—her saying it. She told me you knew a lot of good things about him, just as she did—that you always expressed sympathy for him whenever his name happened to come up."

"I see," was Deverill's hesitating response. "Yes, whenever his name has been mentioned I have always had something to say about him."

"It doesn't seem to me, Dick, that you are particularly enthusiastic, you know. I understood that you were."

"I am," said the miserable man. "I'm a little hipped this morning about things in general. I should find it hard to stand up to-day for my own brother."

"I hope," answered Gertrude, sympathetically, "that you are really not in any serious trouble, Dick."

"Oh, no," he hastened to say, "the coffee had this morning, a collar that doesn't fit, two vexatious letters about taxes, and the wind in the East. Quite enough, Gertrude."

"Do a good action," she said with a smile, "that will put you in a better humour. Tell me nice truths about Mr. Somerton."

He could not escape it. He turned and walked down Park-lane slowly to his side.

"Why so interested in him?" he asked.

"Oh, Rosamond has quite excited my sympathy. She is very loyal to her friends, you know. That's something I like about her. Of course she would do anything she could for Hermione La Grange. Well, it seems that Mrs. La Grange came to her with the full proofs of Mr. Somerton's innocence of something or other he was charged with doing some years ago. I don't remember. I knew vaguely that he had been convicted of something. I've heard people say very harsh things against him."

Deverill groaned inwardly as he saw with what a deft art the seed had been sown in the mind of the unsuspecting girl.

"Does the Judge know?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"A very innocent little concealment, Dick. Don't forget and mention it to him. It seems that the papers are not quite in order yet for proving Mr. Somerton's innocence to all the world—or something like that delays it, I'm not quite sure what—some good reason. Rosamond thought he'd better not know until everything was clear."

"In the meantime she asks the man to dinner?"

"Quite right, too, I think. When Rosamond takes a thing up, you know, she does it with a will. She is acting now from the kindest motives. You wouldn't find many people, would you, who would have the pluck to throw open their drawing-rooms to one whom everybody cuts? I think Rosamond is brave. She does not hesitate when her husband is made up. She has the courage of her convictions. She and I have not always got on very well together, but I've seen a new side to her lately, and we understand one another now. Mr. Somerton, of course, has been very much embittered, she says. Who wouldn't be who has been the victim of an injustice which ruined his whole career? I dare say he has done desperate things, wrong things perhaps, during these years when he has been standing at bay against all the world—but never a mean thing, not anything low—so Rosamond means, and she is not easily deceived, you know."

They walked together a short distance in silence. Then the girl turned an inquiring face towards him. "You don't say anything, Dick. Why? What I have told you is all true, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's all true," he answered with hesitation. "I—I have always thought him a badly-used man."

Gertrude was plainly perplexed.

"Rosamond was so enthusiastic," she cried, "and I believed that you were, too. I thought much of getting your opinion. In a thing like this, you know, a man's opinion about another man counts for a lot."

"I am enthusiastic," he said, making a desperate effort to seem so. "It was so black against him at the time that only a few of us dared to hint that there was something hidden, that the man was shielding somebody, that he was silently sacrificing himself for one who was too petty to understand quite what he was doing."

"The words were skilfully chosen, and uttered with that air of reserve which conveys to an intelligent girl that there was a woman in the case, and that no further information could be given in that direction. She thought she understood him perfectly."

"It's just about what Rosamond said," she cried. "I'm so relieved to hear it from you. A girl can't judge of these things as a man does, and even Rosamond might have been led away by her friendship for Hermione La Grange. And he has endured this all these years without a word, without a complaint, silently, proudly. How he must have loved her, Dick—and how bad she must have been."

He tried to speak, but choked, and remained silent.

"Now you see," continued Gertrude, "why I think Rosamond is right in not being quite frank with Alanson. Of course, he would say that no man has the right to sacrifice his reputation for anybody; that if he did it, he must take the consequences. There's the conviction, he would say. Until that is publicly wiped away, he must not be received. In the meantime, though, what becomes of Mr. Somerton? He went to his sister and broke of her that he could not stand it any longer. He said he would kill himself if every good person in the world continued to turn away from him. Oh, it's all perfectly clear to me. Our duty is to come to his help, to give him as much encouragement as we can."

"You agree, don't you, Dick?"

"I think it very brave of you," he answered.

"But don't you think it right?" she persisted.

"Absolutely."

"I'm relieved if you approve. We're not going to do anything rash, you know. His own act prevents us from doing anything rash. He pledged his sister to secrecy when he gave the proofs of his public recognition. All we are doing, you see, Dick, is just to give him a chance once in a while to meet ladies whom he can respect, and who will show that they respect him."

"Respect him—yes," repeated Deverill mechanically.

"It's very little to do," continued Gertrude, "and may be a very great kindness to him. It makes me shiver when I think how lonely his life must have been. Men are very strange, you know, I think, Dick."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, you, for instance. You've known he was innocent all along, but you—you have rather avoided him."

"A man can have only one rule, Gertrude. When a fellow is expelled from his clubs, that ends him. You just say that your brother stands on the legal decision. I must stand on the social one. He accepted the decision deliberately; he knew what was coming. He committed suicide, and if we see his ghost walking about, we look the other way."

"It's a good thing for the world," she said softly, "that we women are not so cruel."

Deverill wisely held his peace as to his opinion of the relative cruelty of the two sexes.

He could endure no more. He looked at his watch, muttered a word about a pressing appointment, and jumped into a crawling hansom, leaving Gertrude, surprised and annoyed by his abrupt flight.

His one slight consolation had hitherto been that if Gertrude Gascoyne must be used as a counter in the game, after all nothing serious could possibly result. It was not conceivable that Harold Somerton could make any deep or lasting impression upon her. That consolation was now gone. The infernal cleverness with which the net had been spread by Rosamond Gascoyne astonished the man.

"She did well not to ask me," he muttered to himself. "If I were there at that late hour, I believe I should get up then and there and tell the truth about this blackguard. Gertrude is no fool—yet she has been completely hoodwinked. Oh, the story would deceive any girl. She looks on him as a hero, a romantic hero. He looks the part. He is a born actor. Gad, if he should succeed in making me a love him. Can I stand by and see that? Yet, if I move a hand, Rosamond is ruined."

He thought to flee from his thoughts by escaping from the cab. He leaped out and hurried away, nor knew until he heard the wild cries of the cabman that he had forgotten to pay. He flung the man half-crown, and began a breathless walk towards the City. It ended at last in the office of Mr. Brasser's executor.

His greeting from Skerrett was cordial in the extreme.

"Such a pleasure," said the latter, "to have been able to settle so promptly with you. Everything was left in such perfect order that I shall soon begin to pay the charitable legacies." The Chancellor of the Exchequer must be quite cheerful. The death-duties will be quite an addition to his income.

"I came to ask where he was buried," said Deverill. "I blame myself for not asking the question before. It seems a little heartless."

"Not at all," answered Skerrett. "He himself argued that you should not be 'bothered,' as he said, to attend the funeral, nor did he expect any sentimental attentions of any kind. You do as you like about that. His body lies in a village churchyard near St. Just, in Cornwall."

"In Cornwall? What connection had he with Cornwall?"

"This only," answered the executor, with a smile, "that he motored there last summer."

"That hardly appears to me to be a reason for being buried there."

"It was enough for him. You know his impulsive eccentricities. He passed a village churchyard. He thought it the prettiest he had ever seen. He promptly burst up the vicar, gives the astonished man a handful of notes, he has the restoration of the fabric, and afterwards buys a grave for himself. There you have the whole story."

"Characteristic. I had intended to go and have a look at the old chap's tomb, and perhaps take a wreath—no sentiment, you know, or any of that sort of thing, but still—"

"I quite understand—a very proper idea."

"But, Cornwall—eight hours?"

"Eleven," corrected Skerrett, "there's a couple of miles drive after you get to Penzance."

"It's hardly likely to be this summer, then. How about the monument?"

Skerrett opened a drawer and produced a photograph.

"Very simple," said Deverill; "a plain granite headstone."

"His own instructions. He told me I mustn't exceed a £10 note. It's all granite down there, you know. The granite cottages in St. Just make you think of a lot of castles that stopped growing when they were a day old. The photographer was instructed to take a second one, one showing the whole place. You could hardly get an idea then how really pretty it is—but it hasn't arrived yet. These only came this morning. I intended to send you one. He would only have his name on it—nothing else. Take it if you like."

Deverill put the photograph in his pocket, thanked the executor for his promptness and his unfeigned courtesy, and left the office.

He had hardly gone when Jane Brown, after a long climb up the stairs, for it never entered her head to use the lift, found her way into the presence of Mr. Skerrett.

"I hope you won't think it a liberty of me, sir," she said in her impassive voice, "but I thought I would like to know where Mr. Brasser is buried."

"Sir de what?" cried Skerrett, as he looked at her with curiosity. Then he remembered her. "I've seen you here before," he said, "not long before Mr. Brasser's death."

"Yes, sir, I was here once."

"Do sit down; those stairs were too much for you. You are out of breath."

"Thank you, sir, I'll stand, if you don't mind."

"Why do you wish to know where Mr. Brasser is buried?"

"I knew him once. I thought, forgive me, sir, I would like to put a wreath on his grave."

"He wanted to prevent all that kind of thing," said Skerrett. "He was buried a long way off, down in Cornwall."

"I would go even that far, sir. It couldn't hurt him if I took some flowers there."

"What is your name?"

"Jane Brown, sir."

"Brown—you are not the mother of the young man who was here?"

"Yes, I am his mother."

"Oh," cried the executor, "I have a private memorandum about you. Mr. Brasser told me only the day before he passed away, that if you should call I was to give you £500. He did not put it in the will."

Jane Brown's face was unmoved. Skerrett was somewhat disconcerted at her apparent indifference to the knowledge that what must have been wealth to her had thus suddenly come.

"As you have been remembered so kindly," he continued, "I take it for granted you will no longer think of acting against his wishes, and of going to the side of his grave."

"I couldn't take his money, sir, and then do anything he did not wish me to."

"Very honourable—I will give you the cheque now."

"Excuse me, sir, that is not what I meant. I cannot take the money, sir, but I will go to the grave."

"Under those circumstances," said the astonished Skerrett sharply, "I do not think I should be doing right in giving you any further information."

"Thank you, sir," she said apologetically, and she turned and went out with characteristic humility.

Skerrett stared, then ran after her—but Jane Brown could not be persuaded to accept the cheque.

(To be continued.)

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CHRISTMAS BAZAARS FULL OF TOYS AND OTHER YULETIDE GIFTS.

BUY! BUY!! BUY!!!

**WHERE TO GO AND WHAT TO CHOOSE
FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.**

It seems almost foolish to say year after year that the Christmas bazaars are more beautiful than ever, but there is no reason why they should not be, and every reason that they should, for as this old world grows more and more hoary it also grows more and more clever; and that is why the

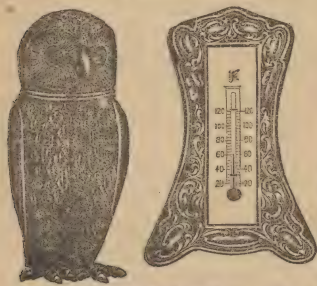


This wonderful electric clown plays a mandoline at Peter Robinson's.

little children of this Christmas should consider themselves remarkably lucky individuals. For surely never before were there Yuletide bazaars as splendid and fascinating as the ones of this year.

AT PETER ROBINSON'S.

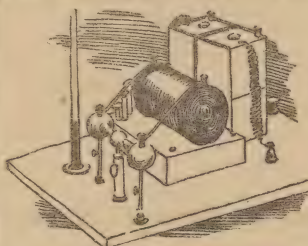
This year the great house of Messrs. Peter Robinson, in Oxford-street, is almost an Aladdin's Cave with its brilliantly-lighted mass of toys



Pretty novelties at Peter Robinson's.

and novelties. No enumeration could be complete, as there seems to be everything there, from a pin to a life-sized electric clown who plays the mandoline while a tiny girl acrobat balances herself on her hands upon his head. This remarkable creature and his little girl are one of the pictures on this page illustrated. There was a wonderful Marconi wireless apparatus early in the week, but an eager purchaser appeared as soon as it was shown and it in consequence disappeared.

Outside the toy department at Messrs. Peter Robinson's there are wonderful presents for grown up people. The silver ornaments are perfectly marvellous bargains. Imagine a perpetual calendar in hall-marked chased silver which costs 2s. 11d.; a thermometer at 2s. 3d. or 2s. 9d.; a lady's purse and card-case combined (which will be seen on this page) with hall-marked silver corners on green, red, violet, and navy-blue leather, the price of which is only 3s. 11d., or if the silver corners are



Part of the marvellous wireless telegraphy apparatus at Messrs. Evans's, in Oxford-street.

absent 2s. 11d. Then there is a cabinet-size photograph frame of silver, mounted upon solid fumed oak, which costs 2s. 11d. only, and really is, I think, one of the bargains of the season. And these only form a very tiny few of the treasures to be found at Oxford-circus.

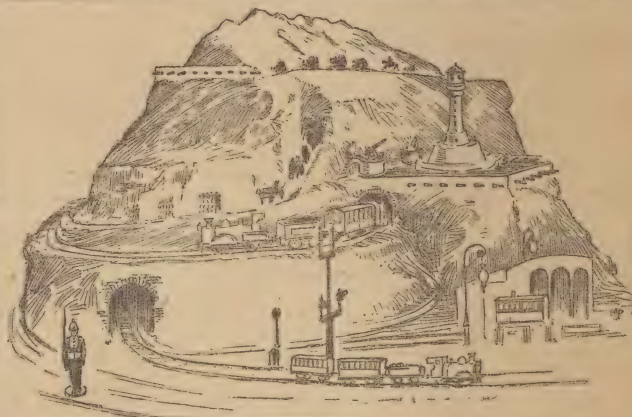
AT GAMAGE'S.

"All aboard for Toyland!" is the cry in Holborn, where Gamage's huge Christmas Bazaar is more varied and interesting than ever. There is

the firm says, from ten pence and a half to ten pounds and a half.

The place is ablaze with lights and glittering colours, with bands playing, gramophones working,

department, in which for 4s. 6d. simply marvellous umbrellas can be obtained, made of a very durable silk and wool mixture, mounted on steel tube frames, with plenty of choice in the way of handles.



At Gamage's this fascinating set-piece amuses hundreds of children daily.

and every conceivable novelty on show. So to Gamage's every parent and every child should now go.

AT SWAN AND EDGAR'S.

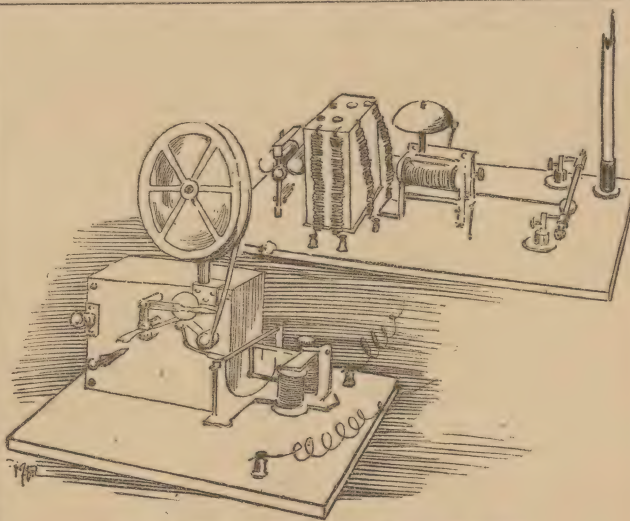
It is always a boon at Christmastime to know where to go for pretty jewellery that is not expensive, on which account Messrs. Swan and Edgar's establishment at Piccadilly-circus should certainly be visited, for in the department devoted to charming adjuncts of the toilette there are some wonderful pieces of jewellery, including the "Ruby" hair slide, a picture of which, showing the actual size of the ornament, is given in this notice. Made of fine imitation diamond and pearl, turquoise, or other stones, the "Ruby" hair slide is a wonderful 4s. 6d. worth, and can be bought

The gun-metal bird ones are fascinating, and there are others of hall-marked silver and of horn which are most effective.

AT D. H. EVANS'S.

Toyland at Messrs. D. H. Evans's is very strongly represented, and, what is much to the point, this firm is issuing a most artistic catalogue of Christmas and New Year gifts, profusely illustrated, so that those who are unable to call are furnished with the next best thing—a clear and concise description of the pictorial presentment of what they are buying.

Messrs. Evans are showing a very excellent wireless telegraphy apparatus, which affords not only amusement but is a thoroughly good scientific toy. Amongst cheaper articles they have a truly amusing model diver, who has been christened Koko. This little fellow has a long india-rubber tube attachment, and when immersed the pressure of a bulb causes him to perform the most diverting antics.



Another portion of Evans's wireless telegraphy system.



A purse and card-case combined, price 3s. 11d., at Peter Robinson's.

He affords a great deal of fun for the little ones for a very small amount of money, as he is only priced at 10d., so he will sell like hot cakes.

AT GOOCH'S, LTD., BROMPTON-ROAD.

This good old firm has now apparently become aware of the fact that times have altered. Their very excellent goods—for everything they sell is good—do not entirely suffice to talk for the firm, and so considerable life is apparent now in this corner of the Brompton-road, for a special toy show has been arranged on one floor, where golly-wogs jostle lions and cart-horses stand and mutely admire dolls' perambulators and other wonderful toys.

A most amusing toy, selling at 1s. 0½d., is "Teufel," a little clockwork motor-car, in which a

(Continued on page 13.)

in other sizes and in blonde or dark setting. Hats at 1s. each, of a most fascinating design; a fine silver-gilt brooch, with a drop imitation turquoise or pearl, at 2s. 6d.; the motor hatpin, at 1s. 0½d., a very practical present; and several most handsome necklets and pendants should be looked at.

I also heartily recommend a visit to the umbrella



The Ruby hair-slide, a most desirable bargain in Messrs. Swan and Edgar's jewellery department.

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This wonderful instrument enables you to play all the finest music ever written for the Pianoforte with absolute correctness. Imagine the delight of evenings with Paderewski, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, or Sullivan; the joy of playing any piece of music which takes your fancy without arduous practising; the pleasure to the members of your family who have no knowledge of notes; the MINERVA PIANO PLAYER brings all these into your home, and the special "Daily Mirror" offer brings it within the reach of all lovers of music. The Minerva fits any Piano, upright or grand.

Cash price 25 Guineas, with Six Music Rolls to value of 21/- FREE, which are exchangeable on an entirely novel plan. On payment of 16/- the Piano Player is sent you, with the Music Rolls (selected by yourself), carriage paid, and the remainder is paid in 36 payments of 18/-.

Fill in one of these order forms to-day, and post to JOHN G. MURDOCH and CO.'s Central Offices, 91 and 93, Farringdon-road, London, E.C.

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Please deliver to me a "Minerva" Piano Player, carriage paid, and six rolls of music selected by me to the value of 21/-, which I may change from time to time for rolls of equal value for a fee of 6d. per roll, for which I enclose cheque, value £25 5s.

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